She eloped again on June 4, 1916, using a key this time. On June 30 she was arrested with a well-dressed bootlegger with whom she had been living on Carlton Street. At 7 P.M. on August 11, 1916 she eloped again, using a key stolen from a nurse's ring. She was arrested a few days later near her brother's house. She said that she had been staying with a Mrs. Pickup on Church Street and that she had a job in a munitions factory, but had quit because of the noise. On September 12, 1917 she got "all dressed up" to see her mother (she said), but instead eloped again. The patients watched her go, but said nothing till she had left the grounds. She was written off on October 12, 1917.

Her file contains some interesting letters addressed to soldiers in hospitals in England and Canada. She is clever and even generous, considering her own confinement, to attempt to divert her readers by unflattering self-description:

> If you seen me you would scream for assistance. I have a face like a carrot[,] a shape like a catsup bottle and my feet run all over the sidewalk. Some chicken believe me. Are you one of mamma's boys? We have a battalion over here called mamma's darlings and believe me they are some boys.

She is also frank about her profession, if not her avocation:

> I am employed at the sausage factory putting hamburg steak in tights till 8 P.M. then I work for street and walker cutting corners and polishing nails. Some job believe me.

In one letter she mentions having difficulty writing because of a "bad finger." A note in the Record for June 28 1916 indicates that she was "suffering from a felon on her finger and she [would] not let me see this."[cxxxii]

(Occupational Wanderering)

While Clarke believed that industry was potentially a whole new domain for the exercise of psychiatric authority, or as he put it, "a live issue," he did not think that factory girls deserved even a minimum wage. He described for a popular family magazine some of his encounters with these so called "immoral women" and "mental weaklings."